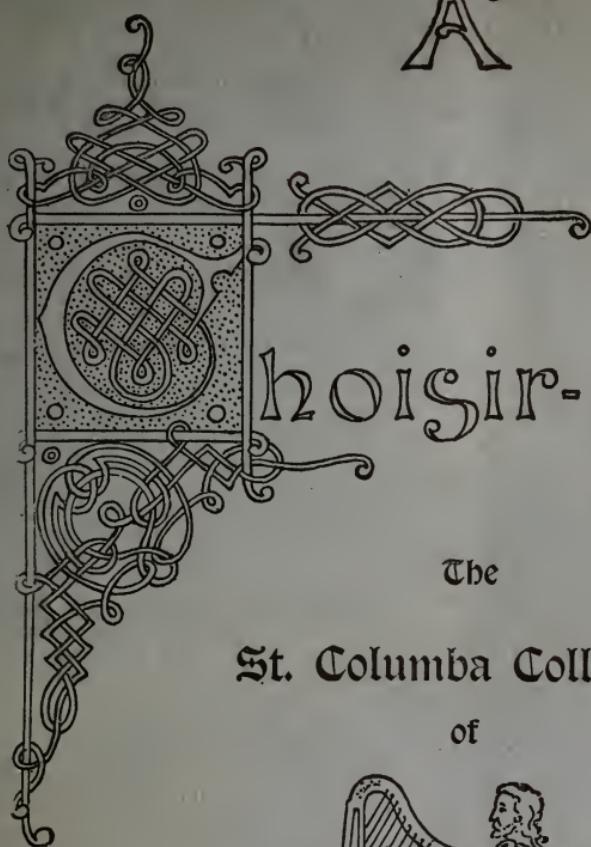


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choisir-chiuil.

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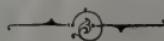
St. Columba Collection
of

GAELIC

SONGS



Arranged for Part-Singing.



J. AND R. PARLANE, PAISLEY.

J. MENZIES AND CO., EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW.

HOULSTON AND SONS, LONDON.

Price Sixpence—Staff or Sol-fa.

WHEN ORDERING, say STAFF or SOL-FA.

PREFATORY NOTE.

THE St. Columba Collection of Gaelic Songs and Music is designed to further the cultivation of the native music of the Highlands. Gaelic music has, until recent years, suffered greatly from the want of proper exponents—the common order of singers in public being without vocal training of any kind. Within recent years, however, a change has been taking place, and it is not now so difficult to get Gaelic music from artistes possessing cultivated voices.

But, with a very few exceptions, choirs for the singing of harmonised music did not exist; and those which were in existence had to find music for themselves. No doubt the fact of there being no published music of a cheap kind for the use of choirs was a deterrent influence in the formation of such musical societies, besides being a discouragement to the cultivation of Gaelic music among the body of the people.

A movement is at present on foot for the instituting of choirs in the more populous places of the Highlands, and on that account, the publication of the St. Columba Collection is, to say the least, opportune, and will, we trust, assist in stimulating the movement.

The songs are from the *repertoire* of the Glasgow St. Columba Gaelic Choir, to which Gaelic music is much indebted, and under whose auspices this collection is being published. By its conductor, Mr ARCHIBALD FERGUSON, most of the tunes have been harmonised; while others are by some of the most successful harmonists of the Scottish School.

A large proportion of the songs are the popular every-day songs of the Highlands, simple but effective, and offering little difficulty to the learner; and there is no reason why they should not be taken up and practised in the remote glen, as well as in the hamlet, town, and city.

The songs of the Highlands have been preserved on the tongues of the people—in many instances from remote times—in spite of much discouragement, and should be cherished as being of purely native growth, and as having the power of appealing to the heart of the Gael with much greater force than the more elaborate, but less natural compositions, of later times.

Virtue, valour and patriotism owe much of their force to song and music; and in the case of the songs of the Gael, while they retain all their naturalness, and often artlessness, there is extremely little which could be said to be injurious to virtue. If the words of our esteemed friend and Gaelic bard, Mr John Campbell of Ledaig, when he says

“Is toigh leam a’ Ghaidhlig, a bàrdachd ’s a cèòl.”

have any real meaning when sung on the lips of his fellow-countrymen, we are assured of success from the St. Columba Collection of Gaelic Songs.

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Gur moch rinn mi dusgadh

Words by
Dr MACLACHLAN, Rahoy.

(I early awoke).

Harmonised by
ARCHD. FERGUSON.*Plainively.*

2 A' direadh an aonaich ri aodann a' chùirn,
 'S binn torman a' chaochain a's aoidheala bùrn,
 Le 'ròis air gach taobh dheth ag aomadh fo 'n drùchd,
 'S e ri déarrsadh na gréine ag éiridh 'na smiuid.

3 'S binn na h-eòin feadh nam preasan gu leadarra seinn ;
 Tha 'n niseag làn sòlais ri ceòl os mo chionn ;
 Na ba-laoigh anns a' gheumnaich air an réidhlean ud thall,
 'S mac-talla nan creagan 'gam freagairt air ball.

4 'S aluinn trusgan a' ghlinne suas ri binnean nan stùc ;
 'S cùbhraidih boltrach nan luibhean 'nam chuinnein mar thuis ;
 Ged 's bòidheach gach doire anns a' choillidh 's a' bhrìchd,
 Ged tha 'm barrach cho ùrail cha dùisg e mo shunnd.

5 An so air faobhar a' mhullaich gur muladach mi—
 Ceann-aobhair mo thuiridh leam gur duilich r'a inns' ;
 Nach dirich mi tuillidh ri munadh 'san tir—
 Nach dèan mi cuis-ghaire 'n gleann aillidh mo chridh'.

6 Bheir mi sùil thar a' bhealaich air na beanntan mu 'n cuairt ;
 So an sealladh mu dheireadh air gach gleannan 'us bruach ;
 A' fágail leibh beannachd, 'n àm dealachadh uaibh,
 A' teurnadh an aonaich 's iad mo smaointeán tha truagh.

A' CHOISIR-CHIUIL—Part 3.

Mo Dhachaidh

Words by MALCOLM MACFARLANE.

(My Home).

Harmonised by ARCHD. FERGUSON

CHORUS. Lively.

Seinn iribh o, hiúraibh o, hùgaibh o hi, So agaibh an obair bheir togail fo m' chridh',
 Bhi stiùradh mo chasan do m'dhachaidh bhig fhin, Air eriochnachadh saothair an là dhomh.
 Rachadh treun-fhir an cén an déigh sonais 'us glòir; 'Us pòitearan gòrach 'nan tòir do'n tigh-dsd,
 Biodh splocairean crionda 'gan iarraidh 'san òr, Gheibh mise lan-shòlas 'nam fhàr - daich.

2 Seall thall thar an aiseig, am fasgadh nan craobh,
 Am bothan beag glan ud, 's e gealaicht' le aol;
 Siod agaibh mo dhachaidh—'sì dachaidh mo ghaoil,
 Gun chaisteal 'san t-saoghal a's feàrr leam.
 Seinn iribh o, etc.

3 Tha maise an àite ag àrdach' a luach;
 Tha sòbhragan 's neòineanan 'còmhach nam bruach;
 Tha toman ga dhionadh o shion an taobh-tuaith;
 'S mu 'n cuairt air tha cluanagan aillidh.
 Seinn iribh o, etc.

4 'San àit' ud tha nàdùr a ghnàth 'cur ri ceòl;
 Mur e smeòrach 'san duilleach 'se uiseag 'sna neòil;
 'Se caochan an fhuarain a' gluasad troimh 'n lòn,
 No Mòrag ri crònan do' n phàisde—
 Seinn iribh o, etc.

5 O, mo dhùrachd 's mo bheannachd dhuit, bheanag na loinn!
 'Tha 'fritheal mu m' fhàrdaich 's ag àrach' mo chloinn;
 Do chridhe 's do nàdùr gun àrdan gun floi,
 'Us caoimhneas a' boillsgeadh 'nad blàth-shuil.
 Seinn iribh o, etc.

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6 Air ciaradh do 'n fheasgar 's mi seasgair fo dhion,
 Mu 'n cuairt air a' chagait bidh aighear gun dith ;
 Na pàisdean ri àbhachd, 's am màthair ri sniomh ;
 'S mo chrìdh-s' air a lionadh le gràdh dhaibh.
 Seinn iribh o, etc.

7 Air falbh uam a' mhòr-chuis, an t-òr agus clù ;
 Cha 'n eil annta ach faoineas 'us saobh-ghloir nach fhiù ;
 Cha 'n fhàgaimn mo dhachaидh's bean-chagair mo rùin,
 Gu bhi sealbhachadh lùchaint le bà-n-righ'nn.
 Seinn iribh o, etc.

Words by
Mrs MACPHERSON.

Eilean a' Cheo.

Arranged by
ARCHD. FERGUSON.

Slowly—with pathos.

(The Isle of the Mist.)

Ged tha mo cheann air liath - adh, Le diachainnean 'us bròn, 'Us grian mo leth-chiad
 bliadh - na Air ciaradh fo na nedil, Tha m'aigne air an liòn - adh Le
 iarrtas tha ro mhòr A dh'fhaicinn Eilean Sgiath-ach Nan siantanan 's a cheò.

2 Tha còrr 's da flichead bliadhna
 Bho 'n thriall mi uait gam'dheòin,
 'S a chuir mi sios mo lion
 Ann am miadhon baile mhòir ;
 'Us ged a fhuair mi iasgair
 A lion mo thigh le stòr,
 Bu chiuimhneachail mi riamh ort
 'S bu mhianu leam bhi 'nad chòir.

3 An tir 'san robh na fùrain
 'S gach cuis a sheas an còir—
 Co e nach d' thugadh gnuis daibh
 'Us clù 'sna h-uile dòigh !
 Oir cha robh 'leud a ghrunnad
 Air a chunntas 'san Ròinn-Eòrp
 Thog urad riamh a dhìulnaich
 Ri Eilean cùbhr' a' cheò.

4 Ach có aig am bheil cluasan
 No eridh tha gluasad beò,
 Nach seinmeadh leam an duan so
 Mu 'n truaighe 'thàinig òirnn !
 Na miltean a chaidh fhuadach
 That chuan gun chuid 's gun chòir,
 Tha miann an eridh 's an smuaintean
 Air Eilean uain' a' cheò.

5 Nis, cuimhnichibh ur crualal,
 'Us cunaibh suas ur stròl ;
 Gu 'n téid an roth mu 'n cuairt duibh
 Le neart 'us eruas nan dèrn ;
 Gu 'n bi bhur crodh air buailtean
 'S gach tuathanach air dòigh ;
 'S na Sas'nnaich air am fuadach
 A Eilean uain' a' cheò.

Gaol an t-seoladair

Words by JOHN M'LEAN, Skye.

(The Sailor's love).

Harmonised by ARCHD. FERGUSON.

Air feasgar Sàmhraidh Sàbaid dhomh, 'S mi gabhail sràid leam fhéin,
 Na smèòraich bha gu ceil - ear - ach, 'S iad àrd air bhàrr nan geug—
 Mi cuimhnearc' air an àrm - unn A's àillidh tha fo'n ghréin—
 Nach truagh nach robh mi còmhla riut A' còmhradh greis leinn fhéin !

2 Tha m' athair 'us mo mhàthair,
 'Us mo chàirdean riun an gruaim ;
 'S ann tha gach aon diuhb' g' rádhainn
 "Gu bràth an tig ort buaidh ?
 An di-chuimhnich thu 'ghòraiche
 Bho d' òige 'thog thu suas ?"
 'S ann thug mi gaol do'n t-seoladair
 "Tha seòladh thar a' chuain !

3 Tha 'anail leam cho cubhraidh
 Ris na h-ùbhlan 's mi 'gan buain ;
 A dheud cho geal 's an ibhri leam,
 A chneas mar fhaoilim cuain ;
 A ghruaidean mar an caorann,
 'S a mhala-chaol gun ghruaim—
 O, thug mi gaol nach diobair dhuit
 Gu'n sinear mi 'san naigh !

4 Tha'r leam gur mi bha gòrach
 'N uair a thòisich mi ri dàn ;
 Cha bhàrd a deanhadh òran mi,
 'S cha choir dhomh dol 'na dhàil :

Tha ni-eigin air m' inntinn-sa
 'S cha'n fhaod mi inns' do chàch,
 Gu'n d'thug mi gaol do'n t-seoladair
 Air long nam mòr-chrann àrd.

5 Ach innsidh mise 'n fhìrinnd duibh—
 Mur bheil mo Bharail faoin—
 Tha gaol nam fear cho caochlaideach,
 'S e'seòladh mar a' ghaith,
 Mar dhrìuchd air madainn Chéitein,
 'S mar dhealt air bhàrr an fheòir,
 Le teas na gréine éiridh e,
 'S cha léir dhuinn e 'sna neòil.

6 Ma s nì e nach 'eil órdaichte,
 Gu'n còmhlach sim gu bràth,
 Mo dhìhrachd thu bhi fallain,
 'Us mo roghainn ort thar chàich !
 Ma bhrist thu 'nis na cùimhnant
 'S nach cuimhne leat mar bha,
 O, guidheam rogha céile dhuit
 'Us laidhe 's éiridh slàn !

Mo Chruinneag Ileach

Words by NEIL MACLEOD.
"CLARSACH AN DOIRE."

(My Islay Lassie).

Harmonised by ARCHD. FERGUSON.

CHORUS. *Lively.*

Ochòin, a rl, gur e mi 'tha muladach ! Nach robh mi'n Il - e
'S mo ribhinn lurach ann; 'S i 'thogadh m' inn - tinn Le 'bríodal euireadach,
'S a bheir fo chls mi Mur till i tuill - e rium.

1 An eilean uaine
Nan cluainibh glacagach,
A dh' fhág mi 'ghruagach
A 's uaisle cleachdailhean ;
Gur tric mi 'bruadar
Mo luaidh 'bhi 'n taice rium,
'S 'n uair 'nì mi dùsgadh
Mo rùn cha 'n fhaicear leam.

2 Cha 'n e 'cuid stòrais
'Thug dhòmh's an acaid so,
Ach meud a bòidhchead,
'S a còmhradh faicilleach—
Tha 'cruth gun fhòtus
'S gach seòrsa mais' oirre,
'S a guth cho ceòlmhor
Ri eòin na maidne leam.

3 Ged tha Dun-Eideann
Cho éibhinn caithreamach,
'S na miltean té ann
Mar reultan lainnireach—
Le'n or à deàrrsad
Air sráid cho farumach—
Ach cha bhi 'n àilleachd
No 'm bláth ro mhaireannach.

4 Thoir dhòmh's a' mhaighdeann
'Tha bainndidh cumadail,
Gun cheilg gun fhoill,
Ach gu caoimhneil furanach ;
Ged nach biodh 'saibhreas
No 'h-oighreachd bunaiteach,
Gu 'm bitihinn aoibhneach
Le loinn na cruinneig sin.

5 Ged chaidh a h-àrach
Aig tràigh nam marannan,
Tha 'buadhan làidir
'S tha 'nàdur carthannach,
Thug gaoth nan àrd-bheann
Dhi slaint' 'us fallaineachd,
Mar ròs an gàradh
Fo bhlàth gun fhannachadh.

6 Gu 'm b' e mo dhùrachd
'Bhi dlùth do 'n chala sin—
'S 'n uair 'théid an dùdlachd
Air chìl cha 'n aithreach leam—
Chà d' thug mi dhùl dheth
Nach stiùirinn thairis ann,
A dhèanamh cùlmhnant
Ri rùn nan caileagan.

Words by HENRY WHITE (FIÖNN).

An Ribhinn Donn

(My Brown-haired Maiden).

Harmony by J. BELL, Mus. Doe.

Slowly, and with much feeling.

Ochdìn a r), 'sí mo ribhinn donn, Dh fhág mi fo mhi-ghean 'us m'inntinn trom !

Gur e a bbichead a rinn mo lèonadh, 'S cha bhi mi bed gun mo ribhinn donn. -

- 1 Is truagh an drásda nach robh mi 'm bhàrd
A ghléusadh clàrsach's a sheinneadh dàn,
'S gu 'n innseunn buadhan
Na maighdinna uasail,
Mu' bheil mo smuaintean gach oidhche 's là.
- 2 N uair thig an Céitean do ghleann an fhraoich,
Gu 'n toir e fas air gach blàth-lus raoin,
'Us geibh mi samhladh
An sin do 'm annsachd,
An flùran greannar a dh' fhàs cho caoin.
- 3 Mar chanach móintich tha cneas mo luaidh,
Dearg mar chaorann tha dreach a gruaidh,
A beus 's a nàdur
Mar neòinean màlada,
No sòbhrag dh' fhàsas fo sgàil nam bruach.
- 4 Gur bòidheach, dualach an cuilean mìn
A th' air a' grhuagaich a bhuaire mo chridh',
Gur binne còmhراdh
Na guth na smèdraich ;
'S tha mise brònach o'n dh' fhág i mì.
- 5 Ged tha mo ghrian-sa a' triall fo sgleò,
'Us mise 'm bliadhna mar ian 'sa cheò,
Togaidh 'n sgùile
'S ni ise déarrsadh,
'S gu 'm faigh mi slàinte gach là ri 'm bheò.

Eilean an Fhraoich

Words by M. MACLEOD.

Lively.

(The Isle of the Heather).

Harmonised by A. FERGUSON.

Tha Leoghas bheag riabhach bha riamh 'san taobh tuath, Muir tràghaileus 'us lionaidh 'ga h-iadhadh mu'n cuairt ;

'Nuair 'dheàrrsas a' ghrian oirr' le riaghlaidh o' shuas, Bheir i fas air gach siol air son biadh do an t-slugh.

- 2 An t-Eilean ro mhaiseach, gur pait ann am biadh ;
'S e Eilean a's aillt' air 'n do dhealraich a' ghrian ;
'S e Eilean mo ghràidh-s' e, bha 'Ghàidhlig ann riamh ;
'S cha 'n fhalbh i gu bràth gus an tràigh an Cuan Siar !

- 3 'N àm éiridh na gréine air a shléibhtibh bidh ceò,
Bidh 'bhanarach ghuanch a' bhuarach 'na dòrn,
Ri gabhal a duanaig's i' g uallach nam bò,
'S mac-talla nan creag ri toirt freagairt d' a ceòl.
- 4 Air feasgar an t-samhraidh bidh sunnd air gach spréidh ;
Bidh 'chuthag a's fonn oirr' ri òran di féin ;
Bidh uiseag air lòn agus smeòrach air geig,
'S air enuic għlas 'us leòidean uain òga ri leum.
- 5 Gach duine 'bha riamh ann bha ciatamh ac' dha,
Gach ainmhídh air sliabh ann, cha 'n iarr ás gu bràth ;
Gach ian 'théid air sgìath ann bu mhiann leis ann tāmh ;
'S bu mhiann le gach iasg a bhi 'cliathadh ri 'thraigħ.
- 6 Cha 'n fhacas air talamh leam sealadh a's bòidhch'
Na 'ghrian a' dol sios air taobh siar Eilean Leòghais ;
'N crodh-laoigh anns an luachair's am buachaill' 'nan tòir,
'G an tional gu àiridh le àl de laoigh òg'.
- 7 B'e mo mhiann bhi 'sna badan 's 'na chleachd mi bhi òg,
Ri dìreadh nan creag anns an neadaich na h-eòin ;
O'n thàinig mi 'Għlaschu tha m' aigne fo bħrón,
'S mi 'call mo chuid claireachd le glagħraich nan ord.

A Chuairt-Shamraidh

Words by JAMES MUNRO.

(The Summer Ramble).

Harmonised by JOHN MUNRO.

CHORUS. *Moderately quick.*

Hug ò - ro mo leannan, thig mar rium air chuairt, Do dh' ùr-choill a'bharraich

'S an tathaich a' chuach; Hug ò - ro mo leannan, thig mar rium air chuairt.

VERSE.

The gruaman, a' Gheamhraidh air fagail nam beannta, 'Sa 'sruth anns gach alltan 'Na dheann-ruith a nuas.

2 Tha aodann nan sléibhteann,
A' dèarrsadh gu ceutach ;
'S na lusana peucach
Ag éiridh le buaidh.
Hug, etc.

4 Na h-eòin 's iad ri coireal
Feadh ghrianan na coille,
'S na sòbhraichean soilleir
'Cuir loinn' air gach bruach.
Hug, etc.

3 Tha Samhradh an ór-chuil
A' riaghlaidh le mórr-chuis,
'S an saoghal ri sòlas,
Gu'n d' fhögair e'm fuachd,
Hug, etc.

5 O ! tingann, a leannain,
Do choille nam meangan,
'S gu'n ùraich sinn gealladh
'Bhi tairis gu buan.
Hug, etc.

A Fhleasgaich an fhuilt chraobhaich chais

(Laddie with the flowing hair).

Harmonised by
JAMES MERRYLEES, G.T.S.C.CHORUS. *Lively.*

'Fhleas - gaich an fhuilt chraobhaich chais, Oig - ear a' chul dual - aich,
 'A fhleasgaich òig an òr - fhuilt chais, Gur è do mhais' a bhuaire mi.

1 Mheall thu, mheall thu, mheall thu mi,
 Do bhòidhichead a bhuaire mi ;
 'Us gheall thu dhòmh's air iomadh dòigh,
 Gu'm biadh do stòras buan domh.
 A fhleasgaich, etc.

2 'S gur e mise tha gu tinn,
 'Us falt mo chinna air fuasgladh,
 'S gun fhios a'm fhéin ciod e'n cion fath,
 Thug dhuits', a ghràidh, bhi'n gruaim riùm.
 A fhleasgaich, etc.

3 Na'm biadh agam boineid dhù-ghorm,
 'S ite mhòlach, uaine,
 Is mi gu'n rachadh leat, a ghaoil,
 Do sheòmar nan daoin' naisle.
 A fhleasgaich etc.,

4 B'òg a thug mi dhuit mo ghaol,
 Ged nach d'rinn mi 'bhinnannachd ;
 'S an t-snaoim a cheangail sinn gu teann,
 I air gach ceann air fuasgladh.
 A fhleasgaich, etc.

5 Thug mi bòid, na'm feumainn ann,
 Nach taghainn seann duin' usal,
 'S nach cròmainn-sa mo cheann an loch—
 Gu'u òlainn deoch à fuaran.
 A fhleasgaich, etc.

6 Dé ma chaidh thu dh'arm an righ,
 'S nach urrainn mise t'fhuaasgladh,
 Mo mhile beannachd ás do dhéigh,
 'Us tagh do rogha gruagaich !
 A fhleasgaich, etc.

Chuir iad an t-suil a Pilot

(Pilot, my dog, they have blinded).

Harmonised by A. FERGUSON.

CHORUS. *Lively.*

Chuir iad an t-suil á Pi - lot bànn, Chuir iad an t-suil á Pi - lot.
 Chuir iad an t-suil á Pi - lot bochd, Gun fhios ciod an lochd a rinn e.

- 1 Diol mo chuid mulan aig mucan a' chùbair,
Chuir iad 'nan smùid an raoir iad !
'S beag a bha fhios a'm gu 'n robh iad 'san dùthaich
Fhad's a bha 'n t-sùil am Pilot.
- 2 Ghleidheadh e dhòmhla 'n gàradh-cail,
Gu là bho'n chromadh an duibhre ;
Policeman riamh cha robh aig na Goill,
Cho math ris air faireadh na h-oidhche.
- 3 Ged théid mi do 'm leaba cha 'n fhaigh mi lochd cadail,
Le balaich a' bhaile 'san oidhche ;
Ach dh' fhaodadh na suirichean fuireach aig baile,
Mur dalladh a' chaile mo Pilot.
- 4 Bha mo chuilean-sa ro-mhath air fuadach,
Chuireadh e suas ri beinn iad ;
Bho chùl an tighe gu 'm falbhadh e siùbhlach,
'S ruigeadh e Tur-an-t-saighdeir.
- 5 Chuir mi *petition* a dh'ionnsaidh na Ban-righ
A dh' innseadh mar thachair do Pilot,
'S thuirt i gu 'n cuireadh i *gini* am dhòrn
A chuireadh sùil oir a'm Pilot.

Mairi Laghach

(Bonnie Mary).

Words by J. MACDONALD, Lochbroom.
Moderato.

Harmonised by JAMES MERRYLEES, G.T.S.C.

Hó mo Mhàiri laghach, 'Stu mo Mhàiri bhinn; Hó mo Mhàiri laghach, 'Stu mo Mhàiri grinn;
Hó mo Mhàiri laghach, 'Stu mo Mhàiri bhinn; Mhàiri bhòidheach lurach, Rugadh anns na glinn.

- 1 B'og bha mis'us Mairi
'M fasaicean Ghlinn-smeòil,
'N uair chuir macan Bhenuis,
Saighead gheur 'nam fheòil
Tharruung sinn ri chéile,
Ann an eud cho beo,
'S nach robh air an t-saoghal ;
A thug gaol cho mòr.
- 2 Ged bu leamsa Alba
'H-airgiot 'us a maoin,
Ciamar bhithinn sona
Gun do chomunn gaol ?
B' annsa bhi 'gad phògadh,
Le deadh choir dhonh féin,
Na ged gheibhinn stòras,
Na Roimh-Eòrp' gu leir.
- 3 Tha t'fhalbhach, dualach,
Mu do chluais a' fàs,
Thug nàdur gach buaidh dha,
Thar gach gruag a bha :

- Cha 'n eil dragh, no tuaigne,
'Na chur suas gach là ;
Chas gach ciabh mu 'n cuairt deth,
'S e 'na dhuail gu 'bhàrr.
- 4 Tha do chaile-dheud snaithe,
Dreachmhòr mar a b'aill ;
Tanail mar an caineal ;
Beul o 'm banail fält :
Gruaidh air dhreach an t-siris ;
Min-ruisg chinnealt, thlàth ;
Mala chaol gun ghruanan,
Gníus gheal, 's cuach-flalt bànn.
- 5 Cha robh inneal ciùil,
A fhuaireadh riamh fo 'n ghréin,
A dh' aithriseadh air choir,
Gach ceòl bhiodh againn féin :
Uiseag air gach lònán,
Smeòrach air gach geig ;
Cuthag 'us gùg gùg aic',
'Madainn chubhraidh Chéit.

Gur Gile mo Leannan

Words by
Prof. EWEN MACLACHLAN.

Harmonised by
ARCHD. FERGUSON.

CHORUS.

Air faillirinn, ill - ir - inn, dill - ir - inn, O ! Air faillirinn, ill - ir - inn, dill - ir - inn, O !

Air faillirinn, ill - ir - inn, dill - ir - inn, O ! Gur bòidheach an comunn th'aig coinnimh 'n t-Srath-mhóir.

1 Gur gile mo leannan
Na'n eal' air an t-snàmh,
Na cobhar na tuinnein,
'S e tilleadh gu tràigh,
Na'm blàth-bhainne buaile,
'S a' chuach leis fo bhàrr,
No sneachd nan gleann dosrach
'Ga fhroiseadh mu'n bhàrr.

2 Mar na nebòil bhuidhe lùbas
Air sticcaibh nan slàbh,
Tha cas-fhàlt mo rèuin-sa
Gu siubhlach a' sniomh ;
Tha 'gruaidh mar an ròs
'N uair a's bòidhche 'bhios 'fliamh
Fo ùr-dhealt a' Chéitein
Mu'n éirich a' ghrian.

3 Mar Venus a' boillsgeadh
Thar choilltean nan ard,
Tha 'miog-shuil 'gam bhuairead
Le suaireantas gràidh.
Tha 'braighe nan seud
Ann an éideadh gach àigh,
Mar ghealach nan speur
'S i' cur reultan fo phràmh.

4 'N uair thig samhradh nan nedinean
A' còmhdach nam bruach,
Bidh gach eòinean a' chròc-choill'
A' ceòl leis a' chuaich ;
'S bidh mise gu h-éibhinn
A' leumnaich a' rúraig
Fo dhliuth-gheugaibh sgàileach,
A' manran ri m' luaidh.

Rosan an Leth-bhaile

(The Rose of Haltown).

Words by EVAN MACCOLL, Toronto.

Harmonised by JAMES MERRYLEES, G.T.C.S.

CHORUS. Lively.

Air faill ithil ð - ro hugð c'uime'n ceilinn e, Air faill ithil ð - ro hugð c'uime'n ceilinn e,

Gn'm bheil mo shaogh'l mar bhruardar, 'se's dual domh bhi deireasach S'moghaol air bheagan dòchais air Rosan an Leth-bhaile.

1 Cha'n e cruath's na gaoithe an raoir chum o m' chadal mi,
'Us idir cha'n e'm fuachd 'chuir a' glasad le fadal mi ;
'S ann tha ceann-fàth mo smuairein's mo smuainteann air fad a nis
'N riachd caileige ro bhòidheach tha'n Còmh'l nan slios badanach.

- 2 Fhir 'thàinig thar Loch-fine, nach innis thu dhomh, guidheam ort—
 Am faca tu 'n té bhòidheach a leòn thun a' chridhe mi ?
 An cuala tu 'n té chaoimhneil a' foighneachd mu 'm dheighinn-sa ?
 An d' innis thu mar tha mi,—'s gur bàs dhomh mur feith i riùm ?
- 3 Beannachd air an ribhinn ! beul sios air fear a charadh i ;
 Mar nearachd a gheibh làmh rith,—'bhi bhuaipe fàth mo sgàraidh 'n diugh ;
 Bhual saighdean geur a gràidh mi—cha d' fhàg iad crioman fallain diom ;
 'S ann thàinig orm an gaol ceart mar thig air craoibh an dealanach.
- 4 Na 'm faiceadh tu cneas riomhach a cum' a's glan suidheachadh,
 Cha b' iongantach leat è ged bu nèamh leam bhi 'laidhe 'n sud ;
 Tha caoimhneas, gean 'us trócair 'us neò-chiontachd a stigh an sud ;
 'S ann air-san 'bhios an loinn 'gheibh, gun roinn, gaol a' chridh tha n' sud.
- 5 Cha 'n iongantach mo luaidh-sa bhi suairce, glan, finealta,—
 Cha 'n ann am measg a' chrionach tha 'm freumh o 'n do ghineadh i ;—
 Tha 'gheng de stoc a's airde, 's tha bhlàth air mar chinnich i ;
 'S ged tha i fhathasd uaine, tha 'buain air aire iomadh fear.
- 6 O, 's truagh nach robh mi 's m' eudail le chéile 'n cois nam bruthach ud,
 Ag iomain spréidh 's a' mèanran fo sgàil nam preasan dubharach ;—
 Gu 'n seinninn di mo dhuanag 's gu 'm buaininn di na subhagan,
 'S gu'n caitheamaid ar saoghal ceart cho aobhach ris na cubhagan !

Ochoin a ri! 'se'n leon an gaol

(Wae's me ! but love it tries the heart).

Words by MALCOLM MACFARLANE.

Harmonised by A. FERGUSON.

CHORUS.

The musical score consists of two staves of music in common time (indicated by '8'). The top staff is for the upper voice (soprano) and the bottom staff is for the lower voice (alto). The lyrics are written below the notes. The music is divided into two sections: a 'CHORUS' section and a 'VERSE' section.

CHORUS:

Ochòin a ri! 'se'n leon an gaol, Gun faochadh cnàmh mo chridh - sa;
 Ach 'se a mheudaich orm mo chràdh, Nach fhaod mi'n tràth so inn - seadh.

VERSE:

Ach dé ma bhios do ghaol air té,
 'S gu'm feum thu 'chumail uaigneach !
 Gun nì ann 'leasaicheas do chor—
 Co-mhòthachadh is fuath leat.
 Ochòin a ri ! etc.

- 1 Ge bòidheach, beusach òigh mo riùn,
 'S nach dùraiginn té eile,
 'Nuair their mo chridh' riùm "nochd do
 Bidh onoir 'g rádh riùm "ceil e." [ghrádh]
 Ochòin a ri ! etc.
- 2 An ciomach bochd a théid gu bàs
 Air sgàth a shliochd 's a dhùthcha,
 Bidh dùrachd 's eud 'ga chumail suas
 'S a chàirdean 'luaidh air 'chliù-san.
 Ochòin a ri ! etc.

- 3 Ach dé ma bhios do ghaol air té,
 'S gu'm feum thu 'chumail uaigneach !
 Gun nì ann 'leasaicheas do chor—
 Co-mhòthachadh is fuath leat.
 Ochòin a ri ! etc.
- 4 Ach thig mi beò an dòchas treun
 Gu'n éirich saorsa fòs domh,
 'S gu'm faigh mi còir air laiu.h 'us cridh'
 Na ribhinn òig a leòn mi.
 Ochòin a ri ! etc.

Words by
CATHERINE MUNN, Mull.

Tha mo run air a' ghille

(I lo'e the Laddie).

Harmonised by
ARCHD. FERGUSON.

CHORUS.

Tha mo run air a' ghille, 'Se mo dhùr - achd gun tig thu ;
'S mi gun siùbhladh leat am fireach, Fo shil - eadh nam fuar - bheann.

1 Oidhche shanhraidh dhomh 's mi'm ònar,
 Air mo ghaol-sa nì mi òran—
 'S truagh a rì ! nach robh mi pòsd'
 Air òigeart a' chùil dualaich.

2 O, gur e mo cheist an t-òigeart,
 Fear chùil duinn 's an leadain bhòidhich ;
 'S mi gu'n siùbhladh leat thar m' èolais,
 Ged tha'n còta ruadh ort.

3 Ged tha blàth na bric' ad aodann,
 Cha do lughdaich siod mo ghaol ort ;
 'S mi gu'n siùbhladh leat an saogh',
 Na'n saoilinn fhéin do bhuaannachd.

4 Tha an Nollaig 'tigh'nn as ùr oirnn,
 Ged a tha gur beag mo shùrd rith';
 'M fear nach fhàgadh mi 'sa chùil,
 Air chìl nan garbh-thonn naime !

5 'S beag a shaoil mi fhéin an uiridh,
 Gu'n tréigeadh tu-sa mi cho buileach ;
 Mar gu'n tilgeadh craobh a duilleach,
 Dh' fhàs thu umam suarach.

Iorram na h-Imrich Chuain

Words by Rev. DONALD MACRAE, Lewis.

(The Emigrants).

Harmonised by W. H. MURRAY, G.T.S.C.

With tenderness, and not too fast.

Chaidh sinn-e gu traigh, A choimhideachd chàich; Cha till iad gu bràth An taobh so.
 Long iaruinn fo'm bonn, A' sadradh nan tonn, Tha feadhainn am fonn, 'S cuid thùrs each.

2 Clann bheaga ri gair';
 Am màthair fo phràmh ;
 Fir mhòra an sàs
 'S iad ciùrrta ;

Fras-shileadh nan deur
 Gu tosdaich, ach geur ;
 A' sealltainn 'nan déigh,
 Le cùram.

- 3 Iad féin 'dol an iar,
 'S an talamh 'dol siar ;
 Cha 'n fhaicear leò sian
 Ach Mùirneag.
 Seall ! Mùirneag 'dol nap'
 'Dol fodha 'sa chuan ;
 Fir 'us mnathan gun tuar,
 'Ga h-ionndrainn.
- 4 Beir an t-soraidh so uam,
 Gu America Tuath,
 Thun caoraich 'us sluagh
 Mo chitram.

'N deadh Bhuachaill' e fein.
 Biadh rompa 's 'nan déigh,
 G 'an dion o gach beul :
 Sin m' ùrnuigh.

- 5 Ionndrainn eil' ac' ma tà,
 'Toirt cridh' goirt 'us cnàmh,
 Luchd an gaoil 'us an daimh,
 'Toirt cùl doibh.
 Dh' fhág siod iad 'nan déigh,
 Ni nach fagar 's nach tréig,
 Comum blàth latha Dhé
 'S a' chùbaid.

Words by ALEXANDER MACDONALD
 (MAC MHAIGHSTIR ALASDAIR.)

He 'n Clo-dubh

(Ho ! the tartan).

Harmonised by J. MERRYLEES, G.T.S.C.

CHORUS. With spirit.

FINE. VERSE.

2 Mo laochan féin an t-eídeadh,
 A dh' fheumadh an erios g' a ghlasadh,
 Cuaicheanach an fhéilidh,
 Deis éiridh gu dol air astar.
 Hé 'n clò-dubh, etc.

5 Shiùblainn leat a phòsadh,
 'S bhàrr feòirnein cha fhroisinn dealta ;
 Siod an t-suanach bhòidheadh,
 An òg-bhean bu mòr a tlachd dhi.
 Hé 'n clò-dubh, etc.

3 Féileadh cruinn nan cuachan,
 Gur buadhach an t-earradh gaisgich ;
 Shiùblainn leat na fuarain,
 Feadh fhuar-bheann ; 's bu ghasd'air faich' thu.
 Hé 'n clò-dubh, etc.

6 'S i 'n fhuil 'bha 'n cuiisl' ar sinnsre,
 'S an innsginn a bha 'nan aigne.
 A dh' fhàgadh dhuiinn mar dhileab,
 Bhi rioghaill.—O ! sin ar paidir !
 Hé 'n clò-dubh, etc.

4 Bu mhath gu sealg an fhéidh thu,
 'N àm éirigh do 'n ghréin air creachann ;
 Dh' fhalbhainn leat gu lòghar,
 Di-dòmhnaich a 'dol do 'n chlachan.
 Hé 'n clò-dubh, etc.

7 Mo chion an t-òg fearrda,
 Thar fairge chaidh uainn air astar ;
 Dùrachd blàth do dhùthcha,
 'S an ùrnuigh gu 'n lean do phearsa.
 Hé 'n clò-dubh, etc.

Cuachag nan Craobh

(The Cuckoo of the Grove).

Words by WILLIAM ROSS.

Plaintively.

Harmonised by J. BELL, Mus. Doc.

A chuachag nan craobh, nach truagh leat mo chaoidh, Ag osnaich ri oidhche ched - thar;

Shiùblainn le'm ghaol fo dhubhar nan craobh, Gun duin'air an t-saoghal fheòr - aich.

Thogainn ri gaoith am monadh an fhraoich, Mo leabaidh ri taobh dor - ainn,

Do chrutha geal caomh bhi sinnte ri m'thaobh, 'Us mise 'gad chaoin phòg - adh.

2 Chunna mi fén aisling, 's cha bhreug ;
 Dh' fhág sin mo chré brònach,
 Fear mar ri té, a pògadh a béis,
 A' briodal an déigh pòsaidh.
 Dh' iuraich mo mhíann, dh' ath' rraich mo chiall,
 Ghul mi gu dian, dòimeach,
 Gach cuisle 'us féith, o iochdar mo chléibh,
 Thug iad gu leum còmhla.

3 Thuit mi le d' ghath, mhíll thu mo rath,
 Striochd mi le neart dòrainn,
 Saighdean do ghaoil stàith' anns gach taobh,
 Thug dhòm gach caoin còmhla.
 Mhíll thu mo mhais, ghoidh thu mo dhreach,
 'S mheudaich thu gal bròn domh ;
 'S mur fuasgail thu tràth, le d' fhuran 's le d'
 Is cuideachd am bàs dhòmhsa. [fhàilt',

4 'S cam-lubach t' fhalt, fanna-bhudh nan cleac,
 'S fabhradh nan rosg àluinn ;
 Gruaidhean mar chaor, broilleach mar aol,
 Anail mar ghaoth gàraidh.
 Gu'n cur iad mi steach an caol-thigh nan leac,
 Bidh mi fo neart cràidh dheth,
 Le smaointinn do chleas, 's do shùgradh ma
 Fo dhuiileach nam preas blàthmhòr. [seach]

5 Cairear gu réidh clach agus cré,
 Mu m' leabaidh-sa 'bhrigh t' uaisle—
 'S fada mi 'n éis a' feitheamh ort fén,
 'S nach togair thu 'gheug, suas leam.
 Na'm b' thusa bhiodh tinn, dheanainn-sa luim,
 Mu m' biodh tu fo chuing truaighe,
 Ach 's goirid an dàil gu m' faicear an là,
 'M bi prasgan a' càradh m' uaigh-sa !

'S fheudar dhomh bhi togail orm

(I must rise and go away).

Harmonised by HENRY WHITE ("FIONN").

CHORUS.

O 's fheudar dhomh bhi togail orm, Fuireach cha dean feum ach falbh;

O 's fheudar dhomh bhi togail orm, A' dhir - eadh nam fuar - bheann.

Ri! gur mis - e tha fo bhròn dheth, Air an tulaich so 'nam ònar,
Fàth mo mhulaid thu bhi pòiste Og - bhean a' chùil dual - aich.

D.C.

2 Do na h-Innsean 's tric a sheòl mi,
'S anns gach caladh tha mi eòlach;
Té ni coimeas riut am böidhchead
Gus a so cha d'fhuair mi.
'S fheudar dhomh, &c.

3 'S ann an uair bha sinn ri mireadh,
Air an àiridh am bràigh 'ghlinne,
'Chaidh na saighdean ann am chridhe,
Nighean donn na buaile.
'S fheudar dhomh, &c.

4 'N uair chi mi 'n gleann 'san robb sin còmhlà
'Buain nan sobhraichean 's nan neòinean,
'S sinn le chéile aotrom, gòrach,—
Ruitidh deòir le m' ghruaidean.
'S fheudar dhomh, &c.

5 Dheanainn iomadh rud nach saoil thu,
Ann an àm ged 'mheas thu faoin mi,
Mharbhainn fiadh air àird an aonaich,
Coileach-fraoich 'us ruadh-bhoc.
'S fheudar dhomh, &c

6 C' uime 'm bithinnse fo smalan,
'Us mo liontan air a' chladach,
'S iasg cho math an grunnad na mara
'S a thàinig riann an uachdar.
'S fheudar dhomh, &c.

'Fhleasgaich Oig

Words by ALEX. MCLEOD, Triaslan, Skye.

(Gallant Youth).

Harmonised by J. BELL, Mus. Doc.

Lively.

Theàrlaich òig a' chuaillein chiat-aich, Thug mi gaol dhuit's cha ghaol bliadhna,

Gaol nach tugainn do dhiùc no dh'iar-la, B'fheàrr leam fhìn nach fha-ca miriamh thu.

CHORUS.

Hilirinn hò-rò, hò-bha hò, 'S na hilir-inn hò-rò, hò-bha hò, Na

hilirinn hò-rò, hò-bha hò, Mo leann-dubh mòr o'n chaidh tu dhom

2 Shiùblainn moch leat, shiùblainn anamoch,
Air feadh choilltean, chreagan, 's gharbhlich,
O! gur h-e mo rùn an sealgair,
'S tu mo roghainn de shluagh na h-Alba.
Hilirinn hò-rò, hò-bha hò, etc.

3 'Fhleasgaich ud am beul a' ghlinne,
Le t'fhalb dualach sios mu d' shlinnean,
B'ansaa leam na 'chuach bu blinne,
'Nuair dhèanadh tu riùm do chòmhraadh milis.
Hilirinn hò-rò, hò-bha hò, etc.

4 Bha do phòg mar fhion na Frainge,
Bha do dha ghruaiddh mar bhraileig shamhraidh;
Sùil ghorm chorragh fo d' mhala gheannar,
Do chùl dualach, ruadh, a mheall mi.
Hilirinn hò-rò, hò-bha hò, etc.

5 'Theàrlaich òig, a mhic Righ Séumas,
Chunna mi maor 'us tòir an déagh ort,
Iadsan gu subhach 'us mise gu deurach,
Uisce mo chinne tigh'nn dlùth o'm léirsinn.
Hilirinn hò-rò, hò-bha hò, etc.



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